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The undersigned has at all times confidently rested the claim of his publication to the support of the profession, upon the comprehensive excellence of the plan on which it is conducted, and the character and intrinsic value of the productions to which it has given circulation. He is unwilling, however, to omit to avail himself of the permission, most kindly given, to publish the following extract from a letter addressed to him by the Hon. Esek Cowen, of the Supreme Court of New York:

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Nov 27-tf

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This valuable property is in the neighborhood of St. John's Church, the Piesi lent's House, and the Executive offices. A plat of it is left with the Auctioneers. The title is believed to be unquestionable, but such only will be conveyed to the purchaser or aurchasers as is vested in the Trustee.

Sale to be made at 4 o'clock, at the auction rooms of E. Dyer & Co.

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The above sale is postponed to Saturday the 6th of March next, same hour and place.

The above sale is farther postponed to Saturday the 3d day of April next, at the same hour and place, when it will positively be made.
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THE POLITICIAN'S REGISTER for 1841-THE POLITICIAN'S REGISTER for 1841-being a complation of the return of votes cast in the several States, during the year 1835, 1838 and 1840 for President, Members of Congress, and State officers arranged by Counties alphabetically. Just published, 1841, price 25 cents, for sale by march 2 F. TAYLOR.

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PATCHWORK, by Captain Basil Hall, in two volumes, and the Twentieth Number of Humphrey's Clock, are this day received for sale by F. TAYLOR.

WASHINGTON CITY, THURSDAY, APRIL 1, 1841.

The following is the thrilling and effective song which was given with such splendid effect by Russell at his Concert last Tuesday evening. It is now for the first time printed. It is the production of Doctor COATES.—N. Y. Signal. THE GAMBLER'S WIFE.

Doetfcal.

Dark is the night! How dark! No light! No fire! Cold, on the hearth, the last faint sparks expire! Shivering she watches by the cradle side For him who pledged her lave—last year a bride! "Hark! 'Tis his footstep! No!-'Tis past!-"Tis

"Rest thee, my habe!—Rest on!—"Tis hunger's cry!
Sleep!—For there is no food!—The font is dry!
Famine and cold their wearying work have done.
My heart must break!—And thou!"—The clock
strikes one!

gone!"
Tick!—"How wearily the time crawls on!
Why should he leave me thus?—He once was kind!
And I believed 't would last!—How mad?—How

"Hush! 'tis the dice-box! Yes; he'e there! he there! For this!—for this he leaves me to despair! Leaves love! leaves truth! his wife! his child! for what?

"Yet I'll not curse him. No! 'tis all in vain!
'Tis long to wait, but sure he'll come again!
And I could starve and bless him hat ies you,
My child!—his child! Oh, fiend!" The clock strike

'Hark! How the sign-board creaks! The blas howis by,
Moan! mean! A dirge swells through the cloudy
sky!
Ha! its his knock! he comes!—he comes once more!"
'Tis but the lattice flaps! Thy hope is o'er!

"Can he desert us thus! He knows I stay Night atter night in loneliness to pray For his teturn—and yet he sees no tear! No! no! It cannot be! He will be here!

"Nestle more closely, dear one, to my heart! Thou'rt cold! Thou'rt freezing! But we will part!
Husband!—I die!—Father!—It is not he!
Oh, God! protect my child!" The clock

In addition to the above, the following concluding stanza, from the pen of another gentleman, himself the author of some fine songs, was sung by Mr. Rus-

sell:
They're gone, they're gone! the glimmering spark hath fled!
The wife and child are number'd with the dead.
On the cold carth, outstretched in solemn rest,
The babe lay frozen on its mother's brea-t;
The gambler came at last—but all was o'er—
Dread silence reign'd around—the clock struck four!

THE INQUIRY

Tell me, ye winged winds,
That round my pathway roar,
Do ye not know some spot
Where mortals weep no more?
Some lone and pleasant dell,
Some valley in the West, Some ione and pleasant dell,
Some valley in the West,
Where free from toil and pain,
The weary soul may rest?
The loud wind dwindled to a whisper low,
And sighed for pity as it answered "No!"

Tell me, thou mighty deep,
Whose billows round me play,
Know'st thou some favored spot,
Some island far away,
Where weary man may find
The bliss for which he sighs,
Where sorrow never lives,
And Friendship never dies?
The loud waves rolling in perpetual flow,
Stopped for a while, and sighed to answer No!

And thou, serenest moon, Dost look upon the earth
Asleep in night's embrace,
Tell me in all thy round,
Hast thou not seen some spot Wher miserable man Might find a happier lot? Behind a cloud the moon withdrew in w And a voice sweet, but sad, responded

Tell me, my sacred soul, Oh! tell me Hope and Faith,

Oh! tell me Hope and Faith,
Is there no resting place
From sorrow, sin and death;
Is there no happy spot
Where mortals may be bless'd
Where grief may find a baim,
And weariness a rest?
Faith, Hope, and Love, best boons to mortal given,
Wav'd their bright wings, and whispered, "Yes,
Heaven."

## FORGIVENESS.

How beautifully falls From human lips, the blessed word Forgure!
Forgiveness, 'tis the attribute of God—
The sound which openeth Heaven—renews ag
On earth, lost Eden's bloom, and flings On earn, lost Eden's shoom, and hings
Hope's haleyon o'er the waste of life.
Thrice happy he whose heart has been so school'd
In the meek lessons of humility,
That he can give it utterance; it imparts
Celestial grandeur to the human soul,
And maketh man an angel!

## Miscellaneous.

NAPOLEON AT MOSCOW.

before at the aspect of the Pyramids, one hundred and twenty thousand men immediately clapped their hands, shouting, "Moscow! Moscow!" After a long navigation cow!" After a long navigation in the sea of steppes, land was at length descried. On be-La Moskowa, which had saddened the army as much as if it had been a defeat. Aftertouching with one hand the Indian Ocean, France thought she was about to extend the other to the Polar Seas. Nothing had arrested her

Beauharnis and Poniatowski extended to the right beyond the city, whilst Murat, whose movements Napoleon watched with increasing anxiety, reached the extremity of the suburbs without any denutation and advanced like the first, pushed by the wind.

ments Napoleon watched with increasing anxiety, reached the extremity of the suburbs without any deputation presenting itself.

The Marshals then gathered about him, deriving their auxiety from his anxiety. Napoleon, beholding their clouded brows and wistful looks, guessed that his thoughts were the thoughts of all. "Patience, patience," said he; "those people are so savage that they, perhaps, do not know how to surrender."

In the meantime, Murat had penetrated into the city: Napoleon, no longer able to resist his impatience, sent Gourgaud after him; Gourgaud galloped off, entered the city and joined Murat at the moment when one of Milarodowick's officers was declaring to the King o. Naples that the Russian General would set fire to the city if his rear guard were not allowed time enough to retire. Gourgaud galloped back and conveyed the news to Napoleon, whose reply was, "Let them go; I want all Moscow, from the richest palace to the humblest hut."

Gourgaud went back with the answer to Murat, whom he found amidst a party of Cossaeks, who were gazing with astonishment at the embroidery of his rich polonaise and the plumes decking his cap. Murat informed them of the armistice, gave his watch to their leader, his trinkets to another, and, when he had nothing note to give, berrowed the watches and rings of the aid-de-eamp.

Meanwhile the Russian army, sheltered by this verbal convention, continued to evacuate Moscow
Napoleon stopped at the gate, still expect-

Napoleon stopped at the gate, still expecting that some of its inhabitants would come out of the enchanted town. No living being appeared, and every returning officer uttered the strange words, "Moscow is deserted." Yet he could not believe them; he looked on and listened; it was the solitude of the desert—the silence of death. He was at the gates of a city of tombs—it was Pompeii or Necropolis.

Nevertheless, he still flattered himself that, like Bremus, he would find either the army at the capital, or the Senators magnanimously awaiting his arrival in their curule chairs. To

awaiting his arrival in their curule chairs. prevent any escaping from Moscow who had not such right, he ordered the city to be surrounded such right, he ordered the city to be surrounded on one side by Prince Eugene, and on the other by Poniatowski; the two armies spread along like a crescent, and enveloped Moscow. He then ordered the Duke of Dantzic and the Young Guard to push on and penetrate to the heart of the capital. At length, after delaying his own entry as long as he could, as if he would still doubt what his own eyes beheld, he determined on passing the Dorogonistoff gate, summoned to him his Secretary Interpreter, who was acquainted with Moscow, ordered him to keep clase to him, and, whilst advancing towards the deep silence, which was only interrupted by the noise of his own steps, he put questions to him about all the deserted palaces, monuments, and dwell-like the content of the capital of the company of the content of the company of the com all the deserted palaces, monuments, and dwellings, he beheld before him. Then, as if afraid to venture into that modern Thebes, he stopped, alighted from his horse, and took up a temporary abode in a large inn, which was abandoned like

the rest of the city.

Scarcely had he stationed himself there when Scarcely had he stationed himself there when his orders succeeded one another, as if he had just pitched his tent in a field of battle. He felt the want of combatting, a solitude and silence was more awful than the presence and fravas of an army. The Duke de Trevise (Mortier) was appointed Governor of the Province, the Duc de Dantzic (Lefebvre) was ordered to occupy the Kremlin, and take charge of the police of that quarter; the King of Naples was to pursue the enemy, not to lose sight of them, to pick up stragglers and send them to Napoleon.

Night came on, and as it came Napoleon grew as gloomy. Some carbine reports had been heard in the direction of the Kolomna gate. It was Murat, who, after marching nine hundred leagues, and being present in sixty actions, had crossed the capital of the Czars as he would have done a village, and overtaken the Cossacks on the Wladimir road. Some Frenchmen were

the Wladimir road. Some Frenchmen were announced, who had come to solicit their Emperor's elemency. Napoleon ordered them to be brought in, anxiously questioning them, thanking them in some measure for having come with news; but at the first words they uttered he frowned, flew into a passion, and gave them a denial. They related indeed strange things. According to them, Moscow was doomed to destruction; Moscow was doomed by the Russians themselves, by its own sons, to fire! It was impossible, thought he.

At two in the morning the news arrived of a fire having broken out in the commercial Palace, or the finest quarter of the city. Rostopchin's the Wladimir road. Some Frenchmen were

news had spread among them; they would have their fowned, fiew into a passion, and gave them denial. They related indeed strange things. According to them, Moscow was doomed to destruction; Moscow was doomed by the Russians themselves, by its own sons, to fire! It was impossible, thought he.

At two in the morning the news arrived of a fer having broken out in the commercial Palace, or the finest quarter of the city. Rostopchin's threat was being realized, yet Napoleon still doubted it; it must be the imprudence of some soldier that had caused the conflagration. With this belief he issued order after order and despatched messenger after messenger. Davight came without the flames being extinguished, for, (a strange circumstance) nowhere had any engines been found. Napoleon then hastened in person to the scene of his disaster. It was the fault of Mortier—the fault of the Young Guard; all arose from the that Mortier turned the soldiers. It was then that Mortier turned the soldiers to the soldiers to the their turned the soldiers. It was then that Mortier turned the soldiers to the their turned the soldiers. It was then that Mortier turned the soldiers to the soldiers. It was then that Mortier turned the soldiers to the soldiers to the soldiers to the soldiers to the soldiers. It was then that Mortier turned the attention of Napoleon the hat Mortier turned the attention of Napoleon the hat Mortier turned the soldiers to the soldiers. It was then that Mortier turned the soldiers to the soldiers. It was then that Mortier turned the soldiers to the soldiers. The fall of the soldiers to the soldiers to

BY ALEXANDER DEMAS.

It was on the 14th of September, 1812, at 2 o'clock in the afternoon, that the French army discovered the holy city from the heights of Mount Salvation. As had been the case fifteen years beforehand destined by him to be substituted for the destined by him to be substituted for the largelides commanded all the domes.

tecture, the vast and splendid apartments which he went through, nor the magnificent view of the

Seas. Nothing had arrested her progress—neither the desert of sand, nor the desert of snow. She was really the Queen of the World—she who had had herself crowned in every capital.

The shouts of the whole army, which broke up its ranks in eager impatience, brought up Napoleon himself. His first feeling was an inexpressible joy, that brightened his brow. As all the rest, he exclaimed, "Moscow! Moscow!" standing erect in his stirrups; but the shadow of a cloud was immediately seen to pass over his forehead, as he resumed his saddle and uttered the words, "I was tempted!"

The army halted, for Napoleon, keeping his eyes eagerly fixed upon the town, expected that from one of its gates some deputation of long-Some houses, which had been deemed empty, would be opened; they belonged to the middle classes of society, and they would tame or attract others. Lastly, we had behind us 250,000

descried an army in motion, as if leaving by the gate opposite to the one in front of us. It was once more that unsetzable enemy who had slipped through our hands from the Niemen to that Moskowa, and who was plunging into the East.

At that moment, as if the French army, cagle-like, had spread out its two wings, Eugene

for had broken out towards the north. Thus chance seconded the flames. The wind drove them in the direction of the Kremlin, which they approached like a burning stream. Already in the centre of Prince Eugene's cantonments. The wind drove them in the direction of the Kremlin, which they approached like a burning stream. Already in the centre of Prince Eugene's cantonments. There were his head quarters to be henceforth amidst a park of artillery stationed under its was a royal chateau, situate outside the city, half a league from the St. Petersburg gate city, half a league from the state in the centre of Prince Eugene's cantonments. There were his head quarters to be henceforth amidst a park of artillery stationed under its was a royal chateau, situate outside the city, half a league from the St. Petersburg gate city, half a league from the St. Petersburg gate city, half a league from the state in the centre of Prince Eugene's cantonments. There were his head quarters to be henceforth amidst a park of artillery stationed under its was a royal chateau, situate outside the city, half a league from the St. Petersburg and the city, half a league from the St. Petersburg and city, half a league from the centre of Prince Eugene's cantonments. The city half a league from the centre of Prince Eugene's cantonments. The city half a league from the city, half a league from the centre of Prince Eugene's cantonments. The city half a league from the St. Petersburg and city half a league from the city, half a league from the city, half a league from the city half a league from the city half a league from the city half a league from the city, half a league from the city half a league from the city, half a league f

WHOLE NO. 458.

flames changed their direction—they extended, but removed to a distance.

Suddenly a second fire kindled in the east, and advanced like the first, pushed by the wind. No further doubt could be entertained, it was a new scheme of destruction adopted by the enemy, and the evidence Napoleon had so long shrunk from began to gnaw his heart.

Fresh columns of flame and smoke soon arose from various parts. The wind being still uncertain, and constantly shifting from north to east, the conflagration enveloped the Kremlin from all sides. At every moment torrents flowed from those streams of fire, which spread in their turn. It was no longer a fire, but a sea of flames—an immense tide, ever ascending to-

their turn. It was no longer a fire, but a sea of flames—an immense tide, ever ascending toward the foot of the Kremlin walls.

All night Napoleon beheld with terror the flery tempest: there his might expired and his genius was conquered. The sun rose over the furnace, and daylight exhibited the night's disaster. The fire had accomplished its enormous circle, driving the workmen before it, and drawing nearer and nearer to the Kremlin. Reports then succeeded one another, and we began to find out who were the incendiaries.

In the night of the 14th, the very night of the occupation, a globe of fire had fallen upon Prince Troubetskoi's palace, and set fire to it. It was no doubt a signal, for at the very moment the Exchange was in flames, and at two or three places the conflagration made its appearance, kindled by the tarred lances of Russian police cooldiers. Howitzers had been concealed in almost all the stores, and the French soldiers, in lighting them to warm themselves, had made

most all the stores, and the French soldiers, in lighting them to warm themselves, had made them explode, so that the howizers had killed the men and set fire to the houses. All night had been spent by the men in flying from house to house, and in seeing the house they were in or the one they were entering, spontaneously inflamed without any visible cause. Moscow was evidently doomed to complete destruction.

Nanoleon was then compelled to acknowledge.

Napoleon was then compelled to acknowledge that the fires simultaneously kindled at a thousand places were the work of one and the same hand. He wiped his forehead, whence copious perspiration flowed, and u tering a sigh, exclaimed, "Behold how they contend with us." The civilization of St. Petersburg has deceived us, and the modern Russians are but ancient Scythians."

that they were to the number of nine hundred, and that before evacuating Moscow, Rostopchin had concealed them in the cellars, in order that

and that before evacuating Moscow, Rostopchin had concealed them in the cellars, in order that they might set fire to all parts of the city. They had faithfully obeyed his commands. In that hour the flames had made further progress; the Kremlin looked like an island cast into a sea of fire. The atmosphere was loaded with burning vapors: the glass of the Kremlin's windows, which had been closed, crackled and fell to pieces; the air was filled with ashes and dust.

At that moment a last cry was raised of 'The Kremlin is on fire!' Napoleon grew pale with anger. Thus even the ancient Palace, the old Kremlin residence of the Czars, was not sacred to those political Erostrates; at least he who had set fire to it had been seized. He was brought before the Emperor. It was a soldier of the Russian police. Napoleon questioned him, when he repeated what has already been said. Each had his task allotted to him; that entrusted to him and eight of his comrades was to fire the Kremlin. Napoleon drove him out with disgust, and he was shot in the palace court itself.

The Emperor was then earnestly urged to quit the palace where the fire pursued him, but he would resist still the evidence he had before him, clinging to his will, and neither refusing nor submitting. He remained deaf, inert, and in consternation, when all at once a vague rumor of the Kremlin being undermined circulated about him. At the same moment were heard the cries of the grenadiers calling for him. The

half burnt; he had found a passage; it was a closed postern-gate which must open upon the Moskowa. Four sappers rushed to it, and shattered it with their axes. Napoleon advanced between two walls of rocks; his officers, marshals, and guard followed: to retrace his steps would now be impossible, he must go on.

The officer had been mistaken; the postern-gate opened not on the river, but into a narrow these weeks begging. Napoleon set the ex-

street which was blazing. Napoleon set the ex had in his grasp, but its shadow, spectre, and phantom. Who was it that had killed it?

There was no more road, no guide, and no stars. They walked at random, amidst the crackling of the flames and falling roofs. All the houses were burning or burnt down, and from the windows and roofs of all that still stood the flames rushed forth in pursuit of the fugi-tives; beams fell, melted lead flowed in the kentives; beams fell, melted lead flowed in the ken-nels—every thing was burning; some of the fugitives fell, suffocated for want of air, or crushed under the falling wrecks.

At that moment the soldiers of the first corps,

who were in search of the Emperor, appeared almost in the middle of the flames: they recog-nised him, and whilst ten or twelve surrounded him, as if to defend him against an ordinary foe, system and young girls with boughs would come forth, bearing the keys of the holy city upon a silver plate. Every thing, however, remained silient and solitary, as if the city were asleep; no smoke arose from the chimneys. Large flights of crows hovered round the Kremlin, and alighted upon some dome, the gold of which disappeared as beneath a black sheet.

On the other side of Moscow we thought we descried an army in motion, as if leaving by the gate opposite to the middle the orders walked before him, crying, "This would be opened; they belonged to the middle way! Here!" Five minutes after Napoleon was in safety, amidst the ruins of a quarter burnt down since the morning. He then dashed become, and with war victory would reword way in safety, amidst the ruins of a quarter burnt down since the morning. He then dashed become way! Here!" Five minutes after Napoleon was in safety, amidst the ruins of a quarter burnt down since the morning. He then dashed become safety, amidst the ruins of a quarter burnt down since the morning. He then doshed between two rows of vehicles.

At midnight the cry of 'Fire!' was again the disappeared as beneath a black sheet.

On the others walked before him, crying, "This way! Here!" Five minutes after Napoleon was in safety, amidst the ruins of a quarter burnt down since the morning. He then doshed be opened; they belonged to the middle way! Here!" Five minutes after Napoleon was in safety, amidst the ruins of a quarter burnt down since the morning. He then doshed be opened; they belonged to the middle way! Here!" Five minutes after Napoleon was in safety, amidst the ruins of a quarter burnt down since the morning. He then doshed be opened; they would reway! Here!" Five minutes after Napoleon was in safety, amidst the ruins of a quarter burnt down since the morning. He then doshed be opened; they way! Here!" Five minutes after Napoleon was in safety, amidst the ruins of a quarter burnt down since the morning the down since the morning. He then doshed be opened; they way! Here!" Five the others walked before him, crying, "This way! Here!" Five minutes after Napoleon was

more; at length on the morning of the third day, the flames entirely disappeared and through the smoke, which covered it like a mist, Napo-leon could behold the blackened and half-con-sumed skeleton of the holy city.

Well directed Satire.—A series of contribu-tions to Blackwood's Magazine, entitled 'Hints to Authors,' have appeared within a few months past, from which we have made occasional ex-tracts, and which are extremely amusing. They are intended to show off the horror school of no-velists, and the intense authors in p of the day, whether in verse or prose. The number for March contains 'Hints on the Dramatic,'—in which March contains 'Hints on the Dramatic,'—in which, among many other entertaining revelations, the pompous inversions which signalize much of KNOWLES'S writings, as well as those of similar schools, are admirably parodied—and all the deep faults of that inflated school made manifest. The following colloquy, in the antique style, exhibits in a dignified light one or two of the jocose queries of the day, current on both sides of the Atlantic. The hit is capital.—Phil. Gazette.

Phil. Gazette.

The difference between the Grecian and Roman styles is very great. When you deal with a Greek subject you must be very devout, and have unbounded reverence for Diana of the Ephesians; you must also believe in the second sight; and be as solemn, calm, and passionless as the ghost of Hamlet's father. Never descend to the slightest familiarity, nor lay off the stilts for a moment; and far from calling a spade a spade, call it

That sharp instrument With which the Theban husbandman lays bare, The breast of our great mother.

The Roman, on the other hand, may occasionally be jocular—but always warlike; one is like a miracle-play in a church—the other a tableaux vivant in a camp. If a Greek has occasion to ask his sweatheart "if her mother knows she's out," and "if she has sold her mandre ye."

Menestheus. Cleanthe! Cleanthe. My lord!

Men. Your mother—your kind, excellent mo-Men. Your mother—your kind, excell thet—
She who hung o'er your couch in infancy, And felt within her heart the joyous pride Of having such a daughter—does she know, Sweetest Cleanthe! that you've ieft the shade

Of the maternal walls?

Clea. She does, my lord.

Men. And -but I scarce can ask the questi

Men. And—but I scarce can ask the question when
I lost beheld her 'gainst the whiten'd wall
Stood a strong engine—flat, and broad, and heavy—
is entrails stones—and moved on mighty rollers,
Rendering the crisped web as smooth and soft
As whitest snow. That engine, sweet Cleanthe!
Fit pedestar for Lousehold dety—
Lau and the old Penates—has she it still?
Or for g ld bribes has she disposed of it?
I fain would know—pray, tell me—is it sold?

The Roman goes quicker to work :

Tell me, my Tullia, does your mother know You're out :-- and-- Has she sold her mangle yet? READING AND STUDY. As every book is not profitable to be read, we ought to make a wise selection, and consider, Will this book repay me for the trouble of read-

ing?
Study the works of creation and the ways of Providence, in the natural, civil, and religious world, and this not as too many do by desultery reading, with but scanty intervals of reflection, but choose deliberate, some subject for the time, and with resolution make thyself master of it before you quit it.—Leighton.

The Word and Providence of God, these are the two books every student of holiness ought to

be much conversant with.—Boston. The student will find it advantageous to make

the Bible the index of all his books .- Bickers-Take time for the reading of God's Word, and for prayer: rather take it off sleep than lose these most important privileges and delightul

exercises.

Devotedness to God will help us clearly to dis-Devotedness to God will help us clearly to dis-criminate betwixt what is vain, and trifling, and worthless, and what is holy, wise, and excellent, and we shall not spend our days and our nights on things the knowledge of which will neither glorify God nor benefit man.—Bickersteth.

That says Archbishop Usher, is to be account-ed sound knowledge which sinks from the brain into the heart, and thence breaks forth into action; setting head, heart, hands, all a working; and so

setting head, heart, hands, all a working; and so much only must thou reckon thyself to know in Christianity as thou art able to make use of in practice. James ii. 18, and iii 13; 1 John ii.

From the Nat. Intelligencer of Aug. 8, 1840.

Members sixty-seven voted in favor of the bill, and of the Federal Members thirteen; and of those who voted against the bill, about one-half were Republicans and one-half Federalists.— Two-thirds of the Republicans, therefore, voted for the bill, and more than two-thirds of the Fe-

bated, amended, and finally passed by the following vote:

Yeas-Messre Barbour, Barry, Brown, Campbell, Chase, Condit, Daggett, Fromentin, Harper, Horsey, Howell, Hunter, Lacock, Mason, of Va., Morrow, R.berts, Talbot, Tait, Taylor, Turner, Varnum, Williams-22.

Nars — Messre. Dana, Gaillard, Goldaborough, Gore, King, Macon, Mason, of N. H., Ruggles, Sanford, Tichnor, Wells, Wilson-12.

Of the Yeas, on this vote, seventeen were Republicans and five Federalists, and of the Nays, five were republicans and seven Fede-

So that two-thirds of all the Republican mem bers of Congress assisted to pass the Bank Charter, and two-thirds of the Federalists did their best to prevent its passage.

A splendid fete on the Birthday of Washington was given by General Cass, our minister to France. ne thousand persons attended, including all the Americans in Paris. The prime minister of France, M. Guizot, M. Theirs, Count Mole, the Ambassadors of the various Courts of Europe, except Lord Grenville of England, (who was represented by his Secretary, Henry Lytton Bulwer,) and many other distinguished